

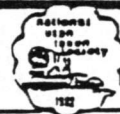


THE TOKEN HUNTER

A Publication of the

National Utah Token Society

Vol. 10, No. 2
February, 1991



Dedicated to Collecting, Recording, and Preserving Medals and Tokens

OFFICERS

Pres.	Eric Bernkopf	255-4600
V.P.	Geneal Close	1-224-1357
Treas.	Jolene Henderson	967-2975
Sec.	Julie Gold	1-776-2022
Wagon-	Ralph Gold	1-776-2022
Masters	Eric Jameson	582-6461
	Larry James	1-882-1941
	Diane Nicewinter	969-3248
	Bill Brown	262-4175
Editor	Byron Elfors	1-884-6145

Next Meeting

FEBRUARY						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28		

Feb. 28 Boyd M. Jolley

Mar. 28 Bourse Nite

The National Utah Token Society (NUTS) meets at the Redwood Multipurpose Center, 3100 South Redwood Road, SLC, UT, on the 4th Thursday at 7:15p.m.

★ PRIZES ★

Door prize: God Bless America Spirit of Uncle Sam Space Medal

Drawing prizes: Two Peso Gold

1887-O Silver Dollar

WATTIS MERCANTILE 5.00

CESCO #2 HIAWATHA GF ONE EXPLODER

SILVER STAR BAR PARK CITY UTAH GF 5¢ IT

JOSEPH A. BERGER GF 5¢ IT

1852 California Gold Coin Replica

Utah Stock Certificate

Misc. Other Tokens

Don't forget to bring your 1991 medal design to the meeting.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

Dear NUTS members,

Hasn't the weather been nice lately? I don't know about you, but I have a bad case of spring fever. Ghost-towning is just around the corner. I have already been out T.H.ing, but do not have any good finds to report.

I'd like to thank Bob Campbell for his informative demonstration on cleaning coins and tokens last month. So what if he can't pronounce aluminum, we won't hold that against him. I hope the lady with the asthma attack recovered quickly and is alright. This month I contacted a speaker from American Fork. Mr. Boyd M. Jolley is currently writing a column for a magazine called the Treasure Puzzler. He is a veteran writer for numerous magazines, and also has some first-hand information on the Fort Douglas area. Be sure to attend, because his presentation will be a worthwhile experience.

Last month's newsletter made no mention about our annual Christmas party. It was a big success, many nice prizes were given away. Congratulations to Harry Campbell and all others who received awards at the party. We appreciate their contributions to the club. Next month we will have a bourse meeting, so please bring in your tokens and other collectibles that you would to sell, trade, or just show off. I hope to see everyone at the next meeting.

Sincerely yours, Eric J. Bernkopf

Johnnie McAulay & The Oxford

By: Byron C. Muir - Milford, Utah

When

You visit Milford do not forget
that its most popular resort is

The Oxford

J. D. McAULAY, Proprietor.

Pure Wines and Liquors. Finest Bar in Milford

OXFORD BARBER SHOP

Conducted by Chas. C. Kizer. Up-to-date work.



THE OXFORD



Good For 12½ Cents
In Trade

Ad from the MILFORD TIMES - April 1, 1904

The 1890's were difficult times for many silver mining camps throughout the West. Declining silver prices had reached an all time low during the Depression of 1893-1894. The Bonanza Era was over for the Horn Silver Mine and the devastating stamp mill fire in 1894 added further to the hardship and loss of business in the struggling frontier settlement of Frisco, Utah.

By the mid-to-late 1890's, even the popular business operated by John D. McAulay and Stephen D. Kelley was failing. A certain ghost-like solitude had gradually replaced the usual boasting, laughter and aroma of pipe tobacco furnished by many Welch and Finnish miners who frequented their saloon in Frisco. Outbreaks of Small Pox, Typhoid Fever and Diptheria was a constant threat to the residents of Frisco, especially to families who had small children. For John and Thomascene McAulay their hopes were saddened on

a cold and bitter day in January, 1897 when their infant daughter, Christy Belle was laid to rest in Frisco's Boothill. The epitaph carved on the weathered marble headstone reads: "A fairer bud of promise never bloomed".

The McAulay's like many other Frisco residents eventually moved to the neighboring community of Milford. Even though early settlers referred to Milford as a "frog pond with five saloons surrounding it", the McAulay's and other Frisco-ites found a definite change for the better. The promise of electricity and running water near a busy railroad terminal was almost too good to be true. Johnnie McAulay and fellow Lodge member Charles C. Kizer wasted no time in establishing their business THE OXFORD bar and barber shop across from the train depot. With McAulay's "hands-on-experience" in the rowdy saloons of Frisco, and Justice-Of-The-Peace Kizer's ability to handle the Judge's mallet and the straight razor simultaneously, they set forth to take care of business in an "up-to-date" fashion. On Christmas Day 1903, to show gratitude Proprietor McAulay of The Oxford played Santa Claus, and as a result many bottles of fine port wine found their way to his friends.

The success and duration of the McAulay/Kizer partnership is uncertain. However in March, 1907 McAulay was advertising his business as THE OXFORD SALOON, with no mention of Charles Kizer or his "keen edge" for justice. Judge Kizer eventually teamed up with Louis Brandt at the Cozy Corner Club, bragging that their business was "commodius and quiet at all times". It is probable that Kizer and Brandt's Cozy Corner Club was a little too quiet and soon lost out to the more liberated and traditional saloons in Milford.

THE OXFORD SALOON

J. D. McAuley, Prop.

The Best of Liquors Wines, Brandies
Whiskies and Cigars. Foreign Im-
ported Liquors.

Large and Comodious Accomadations
For the Convenience of Tourists and
Other Traveling Men. Pool and Bil-
liard Table. Many of the Daily and
and other Periodicals.

JUST ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DEPOT.

Ad from the MILFORD TIMES - March 9, 1907

WHAT'S IN A NAME

By Harry F. Campbell N. L. G.

GOLD



Did you ever have gold fever? If not, allow me to describe it to you - first symptoms - a general buzz, a confidential whispering, somebody has struck gold; both employer and employee are gone in a hurry before anyone gets ahead of them, only to arrive at a secret place and be confronted by his neighbor...

The lure of treasure, be it gold, silver, or jewels has always lit a fire in most men. The seeds that nurture this type of madness are sown mainly in our youth when exposed to movies and books. Tales of outlaws and pirates have sent the most rational of men on frenzied hunts for buried loot, and these forces still drive modern man on the same trail.

STAND AND DELIVER

On Friday the 4th of November, 1870, the Central Pacific Railroad train from San Francisco was met by robbers when it arrived in Reno, Nevada. They uncoupled the baggage and express cars allowing the rest of the train to continue on its journey. As only one man was in the express car, he was guarded whilst the treasure chest was ransacked of its nearly \$50,000 in coin.

The train with a new baggage and express car reached Independence, Nevada the following Saturday night and was once again boarded by a band of men with pistols who again uncoupled the express and baggage cars. Putting off the Wells Fargo's messenger, they took \$3,200 besides a number of registered letters, 23 of which were for Ogden, Utah.

A reward of \$2,500 was offered by Wells Fargo & Co. and \$1,000 by the Central Pacific Railroad Company for the arrest and conviction of the robbers or the recovery of the loot taken near Independence and twice that amount for the capture of the robbers or the recovery of the loot taken near Reno.

On Wednesday, November 9th, 1870, Messrs H. P. Kimball and J. Q. Knowlton were sent by a Wells Fargo agent in Salt Lake City in the pursuit of four suspicious characters about whom he had received a telegram. On their way out West, they had obtained the assistance of a Mr. R. Judd and soon after they came upon two men on horseback in the area of E. T. City in Tooele county, Utah. As the men answered the description furnished them, they captured one without resistance, but the other tried to make his escape pursued by Mr. Knowlton, who overtook him after a sharp chase. A search of their persons revealed \$100.00 in greenbacks and 50 ounces of gold. One of the men's saddle bags was missing, and he explained he had thrown them into water. They were then taken to Salt Lake City and locked up in jail.

The stream near the woolen mill factory at Grantsville, Utah was subsequently dragged and two bags of gold located along with \$12.00 in greenbacks and handed over to the proper officers. Whether other loot remains in or around the stream can only be left to speculation!!

THE MONEY LENDER

In October 1893, Soren Nielsen, Norwegian money lender of Ephraim, Utah, died under suspicious circumstances. He was believed to have been poisoned via a drink of liquor given to him by a woman of the family. Although it could not be proven at the time, it was suspected that he had been murdered! He was known to have had great amounts of money around the house. At the time of his demise, it was said that at least \$40,000 in cash and property was known. One wonders how much laid buried in and around his home in Ephraim?

TWO TINTS OF GOLD DUST

In the early days of the Southern Utah mining town of Frisco, many remembered that poor wretch of a white man who the locals referred to as 'Rabbitskins'. He was given this title because of the cape of rabbit skins that lay about his shoulders in a grotesque way; not exactly a robe, but a garment that was warm and serviceable. Those that knew him saw his every step as muscular effort to keep his ungainly, loose jointed body from falling to pieces.

Mrs. Ellen Jakeman remembers the one occasion whilst stood at the door of her house when Rabbitskins came into the north end of the camp from the direction of Streeter's coal kilns. As no known streams or wells are known in that desert region, he asked for a drink of water with garbled by obvious meaning, which she gave him from a large tin tank that had been hauled some sixteen miles in the hot sunshine. Grabbing at the cup in a manner that frightened her, he quickly drank the contents and threw the cup on the floor. His unfamiliar growls and unexpressive stance left her wondering about the origin of this tragic figure. As opportunity offered itself, she inquired from different persons about the history of this strange being - as follows:

It was said that he had spent many years in an unknown mining district in California and was supposed to have held some high position of trust which in turn allowed him to acquire much wealth. As tales of gold flooded the district, he outfitted a prospecting expedition, and with the good wishes from local residents, he and his men set forth into the surrounding wilderness - never to return. Normally in the course of time, some indication as to their demise would have appeared either from belongings or bones to indicate the manner of their deaths; but this particular body of men simply disappeared.

As months went by, the lack of persons returning with assay samples or for provisions caused two relief parties to be organized to ascertain their fate, but relief parties could only search vaguely until their supplies ran out. As the years went by, all hope for them was given up and they were designated as "The Lost Company". Over a period of time the mines changed owners, and miners and their families came and went.

One day a skeleton man with long hair and an unkept beard, breeches worn off his knees and hanging in tatters, feet and hands bare, and his shoulders covered in a mantle of rabbit skins sauntered into camp. He had the air of being well acquainted with the place, but his odd appearance, even in a place where appearances are so varied, soon attracted a crowd. An old resident elbowed his way through the camp and peering into the stranger's face exclaimed, "It's the captain of The Lost Company." Lead away for a rest and meal, the questions asked of him received

only vague replies. He appeared disturbed when Mr. Brown, a local businessman, called him the lost captain. Offered clothes, he declined to part with his rabbitskin. Everyone still remaining in camp who knew of the lost company came to see him but were divided as to who he was.

Examination by a doctor showed he had sustained a blow to a skull which was pressing in on the brain and had healed in that position. He appeared harmless and by common consent he was allowed to wander. Though unable to give his name or any account of himself, he never begged; he bought what he wanted and always knew what change was due him.

Mr. Brown supposed that the money which he possessed from time to time had been donated by portions of a benevolent population. One day Mr. Brown stepped into the local bank and saw Rabbitskins in the very act of selling two tiny piles of gold dust that were of two widely distinct tints - yellow and red. Watching from a short distance, he waited for the 'queer' man to leave and promptly frightened the bank clerk by asking why he was buying stolen goods? The clerk, reeling under this accusation, protested that the dust was not of the area. Suddenly Brown, pretending to sympathize with the clerk, cautioned him to tell no one about the transaction or a jail term might be forthcoming, or even worse, a hanging.

Brown led the demented man home, plying him with every question. At last, in a frenzy of baffled hope, Brown took Rabbitskins by the shoulders and shook him vigorously, shouting in his ear, "Can't you understand? Gold! Gold!! Gold!!!"

For a few moments the maniac's eyes blazed with the fire of excitement and he said, "Yes, yes, gold! There were mountains of it and valleys heaped with it; and the lady with the green hair said I might have it all; and he hit me with a club, and I died and they took her away; and all the gold sank into the earth, but some loose dust was left clinging to the rocks, and I sweep up some when I go to see if she's come back." He pressed both hands over the wound on his head, and sank into a lithargic state.

With blood pounding and visions of guardianship, Brown decided to keep watch over Rabbitskin and his future ventures outside of the camp. Two boys were hired to watch him, who for the first few days faithfully played detective. Seemingly unconscious of the surveillance he was under, Rabbitskins ambled about dance houses listening to music, found his way to restaurants to get his meals, or dozed in some sheltered corner.

On the fourth day, while the boys were engaged in a game of mumble-peg, Mr. Brown came along and inquired as to Rabbitskins whereabouts; but the boy's outstretched finger dropped slowly to his side as he stared blankly at the nearby doorway which was empty.

For several days Rabbitskins was missing, but Brown was present when he came back and accompanied him to the bank, ordering the clerk to buy the two tiny buckskin bags of gold, one of which poured red-tinted gold dust and from the other an equal amount of familiar yellow shade, for which he retrieved the usual price in coined gold and bank notes.

Brown, now beside himself with anxiety, neglected his business to watch the demented man. He even went so far as to tell others promising them a share in return for their help; but rabbitskin always managed to steal away unseen. Brown

later died, and Rabbitskin wandered from mining camp to mining camp, still selling at intervals two pouches of gold of different colors. Many in the camps even believed him to be a prophet!

When Mrs. Jakeman saw him in the Frisco camp in the years of 1878-79, he was as she recorded later, many hundreds of miles from the California place where the Lost Company started on its ill-fated expedition. He still had his incoherent muttering of partial intelligence, and his gold dust was a palpable, tantalizing reality.

Rabbitskin and his gold dust still remain one of the unexplained mysteries.

The sudden death of a person in days gone by was nothing out of the ordinary. A harsher style of life together with a lack of the finest medical attention were the causes of the deaths as seen in the following tales:

On Wednesday night the 9th of December, 1896, Jack Hill, an old miner and prospector, was suddenly taken with a spell of coughing which ended in his death. The deceased had lived at Clifton, Utah.

On October 16th, 1897, Carl J. Boran, 60, a prosperous ranchman of Moab, Utah, drowned in Millcreek when a wall of flood water struck him as he tried to ford the creek on his horse. His horse was rescued about one mile down stream, but Borman's body was not found.

Many miners had their working area crash down on them, killing them instantly. Some froze to death in the mountain, others died either by gun or by knife in the many saloons that dotted the western landscape. Others died of natural causes, and many had one thing in common - they were single emigrants who were one day going to return to the old country for a bride. Their hidden savings and their whereabouts disappeared at their deaths.

DUES

Don't forget to pay your dues for the year. With the increase in postage rates, you are getting a good deal on the Token Hunter.

DUES

N. U. T. S. MEMBERSHIP FORM

☐ FAMILY MEMBERSHIP \$13.00

☐ SINGLE MEMBERSHIP \$9.00



Find the benefits of membership

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP: _____

PHONE: () _____

SPECIAL INTERESTS: _____

MAKE OUT
CHECKS TO
N. U. T. S.

SEND TO: 1123 East 2100 So.
Salt Lake City. Ut. 84106

SIGN UP A NEW MEMBER AND RECEIVE A SILVER DIME

CLASSIFIEDS



ALL ABOUT COINS

BUY
SELL
TRADE

Bob & Carol Campbell

1123 East 2100 South
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106
(801) 467-8636

"WHERE THE COLLECTOR IS KING"

MEMBER IMA ANA UNS NUTS OCC ITHA ATCO TAMS SHCC

Buy, Sell, Trade Tokens - No
Reasonable Offer Refused

Your ad could be here for just \$2.00 an issue

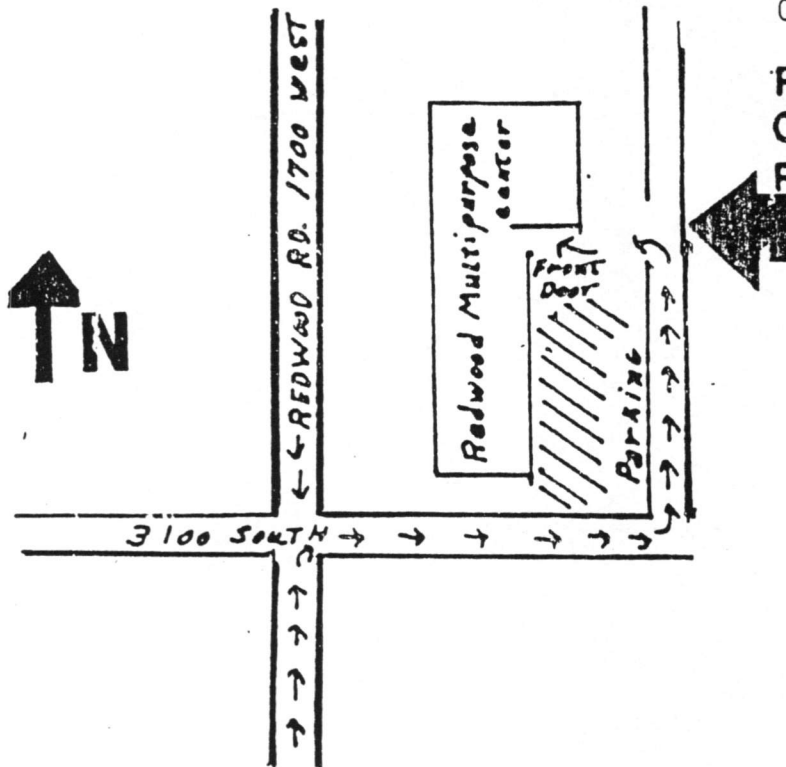
Your ad could be here for just \$2.00 an issue

National Utah Token Society

MEETINGS ARE HELD THE FOURTH
THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH, UNLESS
OTHERWISE SPECIFIED AT;

**REDWOOD MULTIPURPOSE
CENTER, 3100 SOUTH
REDWOOD ROAD S.L.C.**

7.15p.m.



National Utah Token Society
1123 E. 2100 S.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84106